

Interactive Geographies: A Poetryetc Project

Interactive Geographies: geo-text as simulacrum

One of the most dynamic exchanges on the Poetryetc email "dialogue" list over the last few years has been Interactive Geographies projects. Basically the creation of a large prose poem on the notion of "place", the "geo projects", as they've become known, are spatial texts, mappings of virtual and "real" places. If we accept that landscape and poetry are languages of the body, then the geo texts are explorations of inscription. Not just of the physical, but the conceptual, the political, and the ethical. The geo projects are hypermodernist simulacrum.

What's the correlation between the body, landscape, and the poem? All are

simulacrum. In mapping the body by exposing it to geographies, to environments physical and imagined, we record human interaction with space. The twig that scratches the skin, the prickle that punctures the sole of the foot, the sand that bothers the eye. The poem is the body; it is a zone of marking. The language of landscape is the landscape of prosody, of expressing the inexpressible. If prospect is the text as we receive it, with all possible social and cultural readings opened through it, refuge is the hermetics, the language of the private self that reserves the right for isolation, separation, indulgence. It is imprisoned by its safety. The poem is a mixture of the vulnerable and the open, the private and the public. Language is prospect and refuge, and where these two planes meet, the liminal space of inwardness and exposure, potential resides. Our body is a map of where we have been, as is the

poem. The knowledge, the experientiality they encapsulate, work as models for further progress through landscape. This is, in part, the questing motif, so exploded by the materialists, by capitalism. The journey of gain is measured in physical comfort. It is the renewable five-year consumer plan. It is said people tend to read poetry to bring a spiritual comfort, to pleasure through rejecting aloneness. It is said, the private space is opened to dialogue, and the reception, the personal reading, is reinvented through each exposure. And in this, the e-list constructed poetry text makes public the private intentions of the discrete, of the imagined body.

As the sequence progresses through alternatives “geo-scapes”, the form of the poem is questioned and challenged. Conceptualisations as much as exploration, the rendering of ‘nature’ to

landscape, negate the possibility of the non-human. We cannot imagine an existence separate to ourselves. All is anthropomorphic. Language must be set aside to break free of this. Language is not mere communication, it is decoration: embellishment, it is the trappings of occupation and ownership. Singularly or collectively, the word owns. When sexualise, create the polymorphously perverse dialogue.

Here's the guidelines issued for the first GEO project:

" . . . like to invite Poetryetc participants to assist in the creation of a geo-text. The aim is to breakdown territories, boundaries, demarcation lines etc by creating an interactive regionalism. If people would send to the list responses to their immediate

surroundings – responses to location, demographics, spiritual signifiers, gender, and so on – I'll work the collective effort into a single text and publish it as a Salt pamphlet in a few weeks. Your responses should be without punctuation and in continuous text – no line breaks. You will be appropriated, altered and mixed. So, maybe Douglas could begin with "Paris", or maybe it's the Alberta Douglas, or maybe Alison in Melbourne, or someone who lives purely in cyberspace. Deserts, oceans, and the maps of circuit boards all welcome. Interact away!"

The possibility – no, the inevitability of crossover and encounter in what appear to be different geographies on the surface – proved fascinating. Be it different locations on the maps, or different states of mind – the mapping process linked the project together. The texts flowed

through each other. Editing it became an exercise in cartography – reminding one of recent claims that the coast of Western Australia is a ripe location for orientating Gulliver's Travels. The net forms its own tribal groupings. There are those who enter discussion lists with the sole intent of dismantling discussion and list integrity. On an experimental list they'll post formal poems; on a formalist list, encrypt the villanelles of others. As long as it doesn't get personal or abusive, I welcome this. It's another face of hybridising. It's a liminal process.

As the coordinating 'editor', I looked for connections and disjunctions to inform the mix. Refrains developed, whole texts repeated themselves and then broke down, place and personalities intersected and dissolved. It was like trying to still the shifting earthplates momentarily and then letting go. What came of the

projects? Indecisive, fluid texts. My 'control' over the whole is the most problematic variable, and maybe they should have been reproduced in exactly the order and manner they were posted on the list. As people saw them. As a mediator of text, I in a sense wrote another layer of text, the metanarrative. This was a comment on intrusion and respect for the scape of the text, for the body of the poem. I added another layer of inscription — scar tissue becoming faultlines becoming new growth. This is an optimistic way of looking at it. A second geo-project has been completed, and shortly I hope to stimulate a third. The rules of compilation, of editorship, are sure to change.

John Kinsella

TEXT: Multiple and Intersecting Authorships: No

Ownership

And I the sky trans-Danubian blue and all the past crystal in my hands. X-Accept-Language: en MIME-Version: 1.0 To: poetryetc <poetryetc@listbot.com> Subject: Re: Interactive Geographies References:

<0b77f36501502c8UPIMSSMTPUSR04@email.msn.com>

Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii Content-Transfer Encoding: 7bit Allen Ginsberg yet comme le sujet n'est pas en lui-même si vaste je ne pense pas devoir faire une très longue poetry etc a list administered by John Kinsella <http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Square/8574/You'd>

think nothing ever happened except the stirrings of the self in a landscape and isn't the idea of place a fiction anyway besides what is a sentence which isn't so easily a fiction at least a human fiction it's possible the deer and raccoons and chickadees and sparrows the jays and crows too are making up stories about me but its not likely if place is anything if this place on the most dammed small river in North America is a fiction as I think it is a human fiction about that which lies outside the human I clear my throat and hear a crow caw high above the river darkening it has a voice too I'd like to invite Poetryetc participants to assist in the creation of a geo-text the aim is to breakdown territories boundaries demarcation lines etc by creating an interactive regionalism if people would send to the list responses to

their immediate surroundings – responses to location demographics spiritual signifiers gender and so on – I'll work the collective effort into a single text your responses should be without punctuation and in continuous text – no line breaks you will be appropriated altered and mixed so maybe Douglas could begin with "Paris" or maybe it's the Alberta Douglas or maybe Alison in Melbourne or Melbourne Alison or someone who lives purely in cyberspace deserts oceans and the maps of circuit boards interacting away from land in slabs below the twin spikes of the world trade center above the roofs to the south and above the two roofs down where white bubble men with lean-tos cranes strategic tents and clear away asbestos signs for birds while the skull and warning notices posted on chimneys chutes clot the building's water tower and ten stories below high boots tasseled hats now shirtsleeves "what are called" golf jackets the dealers now staked by the myriad the spruked dams and water holes and tamarisks introduced over the glamorous othered basking benches platform soles a strata of the decades dog walker beneath the tent of trees elm-lopped leaf-lost budding in the heat a corridor of brick and stone clear to the vapor of the east river a smeared oxidized roof to the southeast ivied below and later the white lights blink on the fuzz a blur of pins beyond the soho roofs and slatted wooden silos above each roof a red umbrella out and lit and lobbing a skewed

christmas icon gotten wrong of the travellers group sides of
buildings in black and white apple say einstein or toshiba
say body in this terrain turf rights air rights goods rights all
for sale the gingko and the siren a web a relation of the
social bode gas beyond it's fruit stand here seduction jets
blossom like limpids and quidity below my jacket open and
hanging limp as dead wings as say when a bird's shot but
letting the wind have me for the sport of it or a stupid
bipedal magpie my cousin squawking off the approach road
to the airport overturned in the snowbank Sioux chiefs in
battle regalia eagle feathers cascading the raven sat on the
fence with his beak open as we the heights and shapes of
waves flotsam and jetsam indicate the direction of currents
Lewis says that a line of jetsam clearly delineates the
meeting point of two currents so for instance where the
refuse from Taco Pronto and the refuse from Burger King
meets should indicate the meeting point of currents half-
way around the globe (although I hear that Taco Pronto is
down to just one franchise in Auckland) the McDonalds
jetsam indicates nothing of course walked home from
school the girls stopped to look at their nest and banksias
blew the rave loud radio reader but a river reflecting the last
of early winter late afternoon path to the forbidden river
called the Murray where genocide cast naming aside and
supplanted points of reference and outed the cod as if the
blades of steamboats might whip up memories of home as

imported from the Mississippi my daughter dealing with the racism of Tom and Huck and Lasseter into the sunlight into warriors assassinating and wondering if you can explain how the texts are going to be mixed & interacted I think that I must have missed that post perhaps a computer program & if so which might it be & while I'm in this sidebar wanted to comment that using an e-list is a splendid break from the game of poetic squash going on on another channel goes to show ya that the signal to noise ratio is indeed accountable to design & intention once that is configured children fighting if you crane your chickadees and sparrows the jays and crows too are making up stories about me I clear my throat and hear a crow caw high above the river darkening it has a voice too crows hens ravens herons bald eagles osprey geoducks glaucous gulls harlequin ducks cormorant loon swallows wrens juncoes redwing blackbirds red tailed hawk grouse towhees the surf just down from Newcastle and strategy games with mates as dad builds a shopping complex dragonflies skimming the wasted surfaces of the slag heaps like they're water rife with predation sandpiper canada geese pileated woodpecker kingfisher fruit bats barn owls horned owls in chicken coops and on walkways to shape some art perhaps but birds are better till they use you for a target and the egret comes at eight to spike to myself and once to the egret who flapped away in the hustle singifying early morning confidence the water drawn from

its surroundings an egret hunting my jacket open hanging
limp as dead wings as when a bird's shot but letting the
wind have me for the sport of clearing away asbestos and
the signs for birds ducking under the blow that is only trade
up off silver wings winking a jumble of blue moving off
between the spiny branches the waiting egrets gleam out jet
flies over drowning at the kingfisher the bittern intercity
modulations weighing me under the albatross-noose of a
day-job a swan-graced cellist with an electric beauty of pale
youth swims now fenced in with suburban chickens one
kindly disposed its hurt wing are not the chickens chickens
chicken chickens except for carpet snakes I wrapt in my
sleeping bag to heal the crush the tyre-rub and oppression
of the roads the chicken wire and feasting chickens all
brown bodies have chickens helicopter galahs sulphur
crested cockatoos carpet snakes predating locally as if the
shed were an enclave amongst the fast food outlets marking
boundaries and profit as kookaburras pillage other birds'
homes and Eastern rosellas magpies and pluva birds third
cultivate the company of small birds by clearing the space
and the cats don't have enough territory beyond the fenced
strip and wander all over the vegetable gardens tearing the
ground up to shit in holes frightening the birds away and
killing some of them joy-cries of locals wattlebirds galahs
sulphur crested cockatoos jewelled-parrots drunks orgy
swallows soar oysters white jacketsgulls yellow surf cat

slips into sunset kookaburras Eastern rosellas carnivorous
no kiwi no kakapo and so from new zealand was noticed
in the geotext emails and in land of long white cloud was
the birds particularly the tui clock the absence of moa we
saw moa gizzard stones in central otago carved those two
moa the self introduction of the spurwing plover and others
from australia in the 1930s but mostly the introduced
blackbird all the ecologists save the takeha blackbird in new
zealand and australia we did notice the birds but then most
birds are diurnal not nocturnal like the mopokemorepork
owls birdsbirdsbirdsbirds birdweedsweedsweeds gone
global and homogenised if places are their birds different
places will rely on absence like virtue requires
egoabstinence stealing ideas like a starling steals song birds
to justify the blackbird as native to the antipodes as the
thunderbirds are go acid strips the bodypaint and four
slashed tyres dawn in the distance Dumgoyne sleeping
warrior white farm buildings lochans every blade of grass a
territorial dispute with alliances, pacts and resentment taxi
driver passes Hampden Park millions spent on football
satellite and television why cant we have more for
orchestras he asks I cross the city through shopping malls
and shopping precincts catch on digital camera by chance
big man slapping stop the war protester show him the
image I became political in 1991 he tells me keener to get
back on the megaphone someone tries to give him money in

the red clay patches between samphire clumps the lace of salt is subtle as a snake's breath already some mallees and some sheoaks have died where they stood as the poison of the salt stopped them even blackbutt and salmongum are succumbing so the farmers eye them as winter wood and calculate fall-angles and the amount of machinery to risk in this swampy part of their properties the living trees go on sacrificings leaves spilling seed and responding to the weight of birds in passing whole flocks of twentyeights and fugitive major mitchells after we went out there to reclaim some of that patch claimed again by others having rested hopefully by this shallowing salt-lake and then hurtled on untidily my search in the dunescrub yields dried everlasting a cartridge case whitequartz pebbles and a lysol bottle the wind is whipping foam from the lakewater the smell of mud and salt and putrefaction is borne on this wind I look back at my marginal footprints knowing that days of wind and salt will ease them away and the markings of waterbirds and land-dwelling reptiles will replace the stone of Cambirdge and caterwaul and sterilize protocol and staffs minstered tightly blue against the combustant peat smouldering below the high-yield wheat and the gmo uplands of the geneticists mindset against switches in the genes of fruitflies aghast at laundry-time denied by academic's partners sexism a form of building material like neoplatonism or today as one returned from

the

gravel lie against my body we parts slowly not dreaming of detail
what does she say to you nothing unapparent wish or self pity or the
long dream of comparison and fright or a bird soft on the window
sill retelling parody of a part that desire fore reflection and distribu-
tion accompanied by distrust then again we will compliment a
rogance the professional could John give us a clearer idea of
what is NOT wanted? > responses to their immediate
surroundings – responses to location, > demographics,
spiritual signifiers, gender, and so on – To some of us this
must sound like just about everything we normally do, in
poetry and out of it, wherever we are. Specifically is the
engagement with PLACE strictly confined to exactly where
we live permanently, excluding places we have maybe
visited, studied, fallen in love with? X-Priority: 3 X-MSMail-
Priority: Normal X-Mailer: Microsoft Outlook Express
4.72.3110.5 X-Mimeole: Produced By Microsoft MimeOLE
V4.72.3110.3 Battle Ground Indiana its jumbled moraines
and once clear waters on a mysterious rise near the river
Shawnee and Potawatomie and Kickapoo and Delaware
and Sauk and Fox and more even women and children
stopped their scraping and stirring and yelling and watched
in silence as harrison's army topped a ridge have you seen
old cowboy and injun movies the Sioux chiefs in battle
regalia eagle feathers cascading appearing suddenly at red
rock or wherever the trumpets of the cavalry blaring rescue

rescue there wasn't any rescue not for that town that stretched two miles along that ridge not for the Wyandots miles away up the Pinjawamotie—belly of the wildcat—not for the angry spirit that lived in our basement when we lived on Burnett's Creek if you crane your neck you can just about see Kings College chapel through the third floor window though normally I keep the blinds closed to cut down reflections off my X-terminal monitor a colleague described mock-enviously as being the size of Rutland actually the view from the other side is better because you've got the Cam even though the gasometer spoils it a bit but there are compensations this side because the church across the road is quite popular for weddings and funerals of which the gipsy ones are always the most spectacular you're supposed to say travellers today not gipsies aren't you mostly my desk is covered in technical documents which I'd file away if I were more organised there is also an ISDN telephone with a red light to say when I've got voicemail and a coffee mug decorated with the name of the engineering consultancy where my wife works it's still a bit rare for women to be engineers there are always campaigns to try to encourage more and we have more here than we used to on the other hand I've known parents who discouraged their daughters from pursuing science at school because they considered it unfeminine the coffee mug is relatively recent because we used to be stuck with no

facilities except a vending machine that dispensed horrible stuff but now we have a kitchen the secretary was a bit worried she'd get lumbered with keeping clean though she doesn't especially and there's a coffee club run by the chap who's totally deaf a bit ironic a deaf person working for a radio communications company he can lip-read most people ok but he has trouble with the greek guy because of his accent he runs marathons the deaf person not the greek one and the leader of the integration team conducts brass bands in national competitions and the person who sits next to me who is a member of the society for the unborn child and wears a badge with tiny life size foetal hands is doing night classes in Latin to help with his interest in medieval history and the person who sits opposite me is very fond of the more explosive parts of chemistry so is definitely not someone it's wise to play a practical joke on as one or two people foolish enough to try have discovered to their consternation the ride room elegance and everything in it that wasn't old stuff trashed apart from audiovideo stuff newish and matt black as these things tend to be lit at one end by a 4ft aquarium containing various tropical fish and at the other by the tv and three table lamps strategically placed the main lighting very rarely used the room itself is long being two of the original rooms knocked together the floor parquet tiled unfortunately the tiles were laid directly onto floorboards the movement of the sprung floorboards

has caused many parquet pieces to become loose this tending to spread in all directions patches of looseness growing and joining up about one third of the room affected so far the walls covered with leaf patterned textured wallpaper damaged in many places that unspecifiable colour you get when a very pale shade of some colour or other is exposed to light tobacco smoke time children objects on the walls include screen prints framed cushions distressed and studded with crazed ceramic doll parts a pair of long upsweeping beisa horns on a plaque a label declares these horns are south african a marquetry seaside village magpies and pluva birds a couple of dozen chicken oysters white jackets gulls yellow surf cat slips into sunset jetbirds there where we saw a kea carry away a small bird in arthurs pass it is the same scene as two small naive pictures made of black paper and coloured foil behind glass and on the chimney breast an elaborate but damaged and repaired 1930s mirror opposite the aquarium the unit a huge dark piece incredibly heavy one would need to dismantle it to move it german in origin and assembled from three individual kit modules it contains most of the childrens toys and the hifi racks of cds video cassettes visible there are french windows behind a curtain on the end wall next to the unit an antique barleytwist gateleg oak dining table decked with the family bible which would have a beautiful oval top tymied by heat hoods cast off the light here long a cirrus

blip off to the east substance themselves below on the east the village graveyard washington square park once roaded to circle the base of fifth avenue and out again when opened out if not for the fact that the leaves have become detached and are stacked in the cupboard under the stairs the aquarium usually lacks a couple of inches of water lost through evaporation and its contents tend to be somewhat mossy large and reasonably ugly red brick and tile fireplace a black and somewhat gothic looking gasfire at its centre a large german tiled coffee table fitted with a crank to adjust the level the two armchairs large plushcovered ruins the settee in the window bay also wrecked and russet horsehair collects on the floor beneath in a corner a graceful trivet plant stand bearing a dark green glazed pot in which resides a rather fine aspidistra You see, speaking for myself, I have a great interest in the possibilities of a kind of pan-regionalism which might transcend state centrality. But I just happen to live in a University city. My focus on places very remote leaving the Whitworth Art Gallery pre early evening rushhour a right turn past St Mary's Hospital would be suicidal so we turn left in front of yet another 42 bus the long way from Stockport via the University Corridor as we head into the heart of Cottonopolis following an aggressive red van right into Brunswick Street to meet the Hyde Road at the Apollo swerving to avoid the bus parked outside the depot for a change of driver and on

past the new Cyclodrome built from Euro-money on Olympic hopes and east end renewal enterprise political capital and still we follow the traffic though to Debdale Park as we inch slowly towards the Denton roundabout the motorway north still unfinished after ten or more years of wrangling the protesters long gone unto police propaganda and the media pumping them up saying come on! down a protestor keep the wheels of the seed company turning over and over as each cell implodes and the burger chain eats its own insides out onto tree houses elsewhere and now we see the Pennine hills with the first snow of winter visible on the tops before we exit the M67 and snake our way under the war memorial on Werneth Low knowing we are home with the city a short long way off as a Manchester-Airport-bound jet flies over drowning the noise of the barking dog from where I am but which I more or less know (west Wales, Transylvania, others) has been more significant to my theoretical understanding of this possibility than the rather boring street in which I find myself on the other hand the University Library connects directly as far as I'm concerned to my sense of Donegal and the absolute whiteness of the arctic appalachian sub-postmodern untelevised highways cut into mountainside electric-banjo tribal cliches and other hollywood projectionscolonialoutpost-operativecatatonicseizuresandfailuretoproperly theorize the each set of lights to Belle Vue where all traces of the Zoo still

trapped in childhood memories lie beneath the car park of the cinema complex so why did they build the out-of-town McDonalds next weather or not of snow/static and ex-static clinging to abandoned hopeless adrenalin hygiene to tell you of the storm I must tell you of the beaches and islands and the lightning that ripped the black sky apart, backlit clouds and fireballed a jockey and his horse the storm running across town into the bush like a wayward sailor awol, and all the town's cats and dogs skittish then and for days, the children crying in the thunder parents ranting it's just God laughing, or clouds hanging together or – do you remember what your parents said under the thunder's high altar the crashing recreation of us all the rattling of our bones like dice inside our mortal rags oh here we do begin again the big bang banging again and again the flash of recognition showing us our neighbours in night clothes out in their yards marvelling at 7hoursofcreationeditformulatingnothinglikethepresentwhile wewalkintodarkorchardslittlemorecanbedoagentorangemon santobastardstruebegettersofevilknowingnocompassionorvalueoflifeoutsidetheprofittredmilldrivenbynethereisnomore sowhatabouthebodymorningfogorgasmhaircolouringthearrivalofleavesh acid strips the bodypaint and four slashed tyres dawn in the distance Dumgoyne sleeping warrior white farm buildings lochans every blade of grass a territorial dispute with alliances, pacts and resentment taxi

driver passes Hampden Park millions spent on football
satellite and television why cant we have more for
orchestras he asks I cross the city through shopping malls
and shopping precincts catch on digital camera by chance
big man slapping stop the war protestor show him the
image I became political in 1991 he North Lawson National
Park You can't step in the same river twice Heraclitus 500
BC Centuries coagulated this earth abraded by constantly
coursing water time wastes also the sentient deeper lines
slowly etch my face generation after tells me keener to get
back on the megaphone someone tries to give him money
andfulsofridiculousearthorabreezeoverthecomposteachsum
meroruselessinevitabilitywhatmorecanyouopentomeverythi
ngprolongedandpureoh i'm a passenger yet it seems like
nothing is moving between stops when i can't see cars and
the trees are perfectly still the heat makes the palm of the
hand and the paper stick even the air still life fast moving is
tepid shudder of a phone and i'm on my back again
struggling against foul current iron bar tight across my
throat throwing adjectives around as life preserves things
not quite as green anymore steel and grass sprouting
against silver night and i'm lost at other times i'm not alone
wave and rain rolls over cleaning the deck forcing
passengers into the cabin fish guts and scales drain back
into the black sea inside the fish is stuffed to the gills with
lemon she's asleep so i step outside the he and there is an e

left floating like air as there is no sea or sky at all just the dark warm and salty and the sound of filling sea and slap of pitching boat and then it goes and it is equal that was tin to copper ago it descends and then it comes it appears smaller from the top of things and so it is made to appear as the account of the sun herein reply to a back-channel query Quetzalcoatl in Redwood City from quetzalli "precious feather" and coatl "snake" feathered serpent god of the morning and the evening star white god of air inventor of the calendar with Xolotl dog-headed god descended to the underground hell of Mictlan to gather the bones of the ancient dead and anoint them with his own blood giving birth to the men who inhabit the present universe eight bad omens before the coming of the Spaniards a fiery comet the burning of the Temple of Huitzilopchtli fire streaming through the sky even while the sun was shining monstrous beings wandering the streets and then Hernán Cortés riding toward the island city of Tenochtitlán mistaken for divine envoy of the plumed god-king who would come from the east Quetzalcoatl whose eternal return finds Griselda cleaning house in Sunnyvale Alta California valley of heart's delight minus Karok Maidu Cahuilleno Mojave Yokuts Pomo Modoc Paiute http://www-hose.others.bythe-wall.byforum.stanford.edu/About/History/valley_of_hearts.html minus cherries apricots the orchard torn out by Arcadia

Development Co squeezed between dense housing tracts and high-tech office towers the modest ranches and their little wooden fruit stands seem determined via the geography pieces being eaten by the machine – nothing will be as it was when posted to the pacman which will in itself be subsumed into the pamphlet and individual texts/authors won't be identified, though there will be a list of contributors' names at the beginning like pop culture spread against the subtext of Pound's correcting the watses of an author replete as "Poetryetc" I guess. Pieces (no punctuation and a continuous line) should be sent direct to the list.together galvanized buckets or separately ricefields hurtling by they finally slept honeytrucks out in the early light left cheek in the lightright in darkness and took each other by the hand and saw it went to it found it lifted it into this red light and he saw it at first he moistened earth typhoon the account of our names what is written and i began before he finished i mean and the first prophet,wider than the other ones carved a little askew skewed off to one side and thus perhaps is his coming boiling up green beads and the burning of their scent like lichen-covered jizo fish traps in the mud at the bottom of the river powdered shale reading next to the heater a car glides past beneath the window talk in an arcade a mish mash of cultures like boils on a bum erupting into a wasteland of wasted lives where the dogs shit on the pavements and the gravel as the lonely

or mad owners sigh in the dark of a december night passing
scurrying husbands on the way to the cooperative
supermarket to buy cigarettes and biscuits or lemonade and
apple pies all completely useless inputs because the family
is numbed and asleep and doped by the giant golden logo
as it lights the roads home at a convenient crossroads to
give a reward to the good little boy or girl as payment for
their performance in the pale brick school hall where the
teachers yawn through another shallow cultural evening
before exhaling into an armchair sold like an aid to life on
interest free credit which is given by New Brighton squats
on the last prominence before the River Mersey spews itself
into the Irish Sea along with all the detritus and decay of
Liverpool and Manchester it is cold a sort of chilling to the
bone cold not a snowy Christmas comes cold but darker
nights closing in cold night that take the joy away turn to
joyless tv for stimulation and fail sun shines sometimes but
fails lake full of fish or promenade on the walkway bronze
statues stone carved to shapes some art perhaps but birds
are better till they use you for a target home is a warm cave
gardens winter bare rabbit keeps the grass shorn morning
view from window houses decorated for Christmas ah
Christmas three weeks without insistent email love
Christmas love Christmas and always love Hilary the big
stores that adorn the old marshland in front of the tinplate
works where my father used to shoot people in New York

down those galleries like rats and city taboos no more crime
here mate upmarket it to eslwehere before it is built because
then he lived for many years and filled our beaks with the
money he earned building that factory where now they
make tinsplate and are such an important local employer like
the masters of our town deserving a doffed cap and a place
on the magistrates bench in the grey stone building where
hopeless kids get shafted by the system because they make
the material for the dog food tins for the lonely people
whose dogs shit on my gravel in llanelli south wales In
reply to a back-channel query the geography pieces will be
eaten by the machine – nothing will be as it was when
posted to the list. It will be subsumed into the pamphlet and
individual texts/authors won't be identified though there
will be a list of contributors' names at the beginning s/he
author is punctuation and a continuous line and silicon
mine data develop content venture capital surf the web
replace the pen wear denim telecommute orient details its
revolutionary paperless office there is no pen digitized
hands forget the scribes make it easy without signature
Grace Street begins in Church Hill where in St. Johns yelled
Henry give me liberty or give me ante bellum housing stock
stocked with brokers and doctors tho just North is the
euphemistic bad part somewhere in which was the
Freemans school inspected by Arnold it descends to
Shockoe Bottom where Lyell mucked about for fossils in the

flood plain now protected and filled with bingeing teens on weeknights and an Arts Center filled with anything but then climbs to the white Capitol which Jefferson designed when not bonking Sally why not remember it that way and where Houdins statue of Washington is worth the trip to Virginia just to see have you walking down the hill 1km from Pat's dome 1 km from the end of the cable tv service 300 metres above sea level to my appleshed 30 metres above sea level ocean to my west cliffs rise another 350 metres to my east calm night full moon sea lions barking flickers peep peeping in the brightness of midnight Olson farm beside the ocean Norris Rocks best fishing hundreds of sea lions camp here from January thru March herring season millions of smaller and smaller fish caught for their roe for the japanese epicures the lighthouse sweeping the calm sea 20 acres in the thirties grew the earliest tomatoes so an urban millionaire qualifies for low agricultural taxes for his waterfront property but it's a beautiful walk night or day down this hill and at the bottom there's 200 metres of enchanted forest 20-30 metre cedars and big fir some alder darker in here and then just as you come into the brightness there's the little light in my window the longhorn cow the milk momma tansy across the road the apple pear and plum trees the blackberries casting shadows over the road in the moonlight 4 pt buck bolts at my greeting but not far 20 years ago population 400 nearly every family took a deer for

the freezer now pop 1200 more deer are hit by cars then taken/pit lamped the forbidden foolproof method no sport in it practical provisioning 20 years ago no local year round economy majority of young men coughing of the delco clouds running ragged freezing pinpricks of rain sag of leaves in the gutter the gutter flagstones lifted by the roots of the plane trees tilt tracks of the night rushing stream splashed the car held on held on up over the hill and the valley hangs in a skirl of mist off the Turia river down from Aras and Titaguas down through the burnt hills struggling up towards the bypass breathing the truck shower in the slow lane el puente aereo to Bilbao up off silver wings winking a jumble of blue plastic crates tumbled off the tractor with the pinched Moroccans la taronja encara moving off between the spiny branches the oranges mostly and the groves flow off to the hills "loved hillsides in rainy weather" stealing a way Calicanto looking on switches off the gleaming orange necklace of light the grey rise the spray off the dark road and over the brow at El Vedat it opens opens opens up and out again the Albufera the waiting samaruc the lay of towns the rice fields the shining winter rice fields un sauce solitario the waiting egrets gleam magpies and pluva birds a couple of dozen chicken oysters white jacketsgulls yellow surf cat slips into sunset jetbirds there where we saw a kea carry away a small bird in arthurs pass it is out over to Mareny and the apartment blocks

shadowed distant in the Devesa where the sky blurs to sea
blends to land bleeds the lagoon and the land again a fragile
line of pine the sun suggested free wheeling down to the
Modelo jail at Picassent keep in lane lowering cloud over
the mountains away to Xativa els cremats Felipe's revenge
on the flatlands and the ruins perched on the little rise at
Corbera where we walk taking stock as if the whole lot is
ours imposing chit chat and bar etiquette and no line breaks
of tail-lights that tyre dump come to spread language by the
workshop next to Consum and the acequia de Favara
slipping away between the walls carrying these words
down towards the waiting arrozales the... went off 3-6
months logging fishing tree planting to provide for their
wife and children they'd put a deer and a couple of dozen
chicken in the freezer three or four cords of wood in the
woodshed 10 or 20 gallons of wine on the bubble kiss their
sweety and head for the boat this separation saved many a
marriage is my guess they say the definition of
schizophrenia is father's day on Hornby Island the
photograph showing its hilltop gleam with the city all burnt
next the house unburnt to which Marse Bob returned after
Appomattox riding Traveller by abandoned downtown
stores Thalhimer's the good Jewish store from a family that
has made the city liveable with parks and Miller and
Rhodes the less said and why does Beau Brummells high
collar stare down in the entire Comox Valley they grow hay

these days graze 30 head of cattle three months and then butcher and sell them to make the required 5000 dollars from that rooftop and anyway make anecdote happen where it happens but statements are as embarrassing as a colonial outpost's liking for crayfish from the Ile des Phoques and not the town but dont you love Gigis Hats here the parking deck where stood the house where Stuart died after being wounded at not in Yellow Tavern and cross Belvedere a somewhat cheesy block with the Red Light and an Africa House blaring Reggae appears before student dumps and the place from which a Law School fled to the burbs precedes rows of big Victorians some restored tho to what I wonder and some full of lodgers among them the least likely transvestite (this comes up again and again like the collective self is phobic so what if the machine that shakes and not stirs you is labelled as such would you know would you know a martini from a bottle of vermouth) prostitutes in the western hemisphere eastward over the site of the ring defenses crossing Boulevard the only one that is just named that look left you can see Jackson sitting on an enormous bronze Powhite Parkway no you didnt just think of that joke but the west end is now different older and whiter before the far west end and these pokey fifties bungalows capes and ranches test agents phraseology but theyre sold to Vietnamese Chinese Cambodian Mexican and other starters speaking of which have you tried the ethnic

food on Horsepen Road the ninth field in a row to fail a
dope test frowned upon by hedges crew cut before the
berries come or after the birds nest that's not thunder it's
skip lorries shattering (falling prices open a dump) or
shooting of a sunday reading back the other way all the
names the non-whites have for the arrogant bastards down
the road making hay while the racism shines like morning
what once was a town of leisure suits now populating
pound shops auctioneers pubs pharmacies fast food only
one bridge over the piddling river snarl ups but how can
you re-brand a faded victorian outskirts without any ref to
the brits Situated, just South of North, and East of West (by
unencultured visualisation) in a no-mans land or place on
the edge of a flat interior blackberries seiners gillnetters
wharf salmonberries kale crows cedar fir horse obviously
not Little Sorrel quick on the right a maroon awning and a
house full of books including this one after it gets published
ten blocks on wham continuity is violated by the alder
maple cherry plum apple peach pear quince apricot fig
raspberries jerusalem artichoke potatoes hens ravens herons
bald eagles osprey borage dryandra bush star of bethlehem
chickweed kelp oak macadamia nettles oysters mussels
razorbacks geoducks abalone starfish glaucous gulls
harlequin ducks lighthouse log strewn beaches barnacles
limpets dentalions ammonites cows horses deer juniper
willow cottonwood balsam raspberries watercress mustard

chocolate lilies amanita muscaria morels psilocibin
cannabis sage burdock echinacea puffballs ocean spray st
ann's lace balm of gilead rock cod ling cod dogfish herring
mackerel salmon cormorant loon forest cliff arbutus grove
garry oaks mink possum spagnum moss ivy crocuses irises
tulips roses skunk cabbage bullrushes pampas grass
fiddleheads pussywillows swallows wrens juncos redwing
blackbirds red tailed hawk grouse towhees dragonflies ferry
dock pub coopstore firehall primary school library grassy
point phipps point spray point dunlop point fossil beach
galleon beach sandpiper beach shingle spit bula creek
strachan valley little tribune whaling station leeks shallots
garlick onions mount geoffrey georgia strait lambert
channel japanese current sheep recycling depot crown land
driftwood shack campsite trailers denman island west
lasqueti island south texada island east quadra island north
two ferries 30 k town fishers loggers tiger lilies
rhododendrons begonias hemlock painters sculptors an
island of palm washed up at Santa Ana and down to the
spilt warehouses all in the head the paint factories the
furniture showrooms sprawled the smear carpenters
gardeners farmers deejays carvers potters bakers
candlemakers jewelers electricians plumbers mechanics
backhoes rototillers fenceposts styles canada geese sea lions
seals sand unpublished serious retake of echoes remixing of
the alldawn chorus in Hobart the most isolated capital city

in Australia and so not burdened with overdue lust rent but Heraclitus must be a mountain in Otago while gray kingfishers hunt clif of California and marshhawks intent its stylized hawkeye by precise lack of coloration in feathers birds earthbound where else but in newzealand the only raptors are a falcon and a swampharrier a name which reminds me that the worlds tallest flowering plant the eucalyptus regnans is called Mountain Ash by mainlanders but swamp gum in Tasmania most everything is swamp here it seems and the distinction in naming between here and there reminds me of the marketeers and their wiles as they try to superimpose Sydneyspeak on all Australians in order to limit consumer confusion for example take the crayfish as we call it in Tasmania it has been decreed by the fish marketing board to call it lobster and the industry group is called Australian Rock Lobster Fisherman's Association but everyone in Tasmania even their spokesperson still calls it a crayfish that one catches in a craypot woven from melaleuca pulled up to a crayboat in the cray season but that said i must admit we all have given up on the abalone and no longer call it sea ear or muttonfish perhaps becuase it was a food the Palawa ate with relish and as such intake of it was a consumption not fit for the pillars of the British Imperial Primary Globalisation anyway haunting the ATMs in King Street Newtown & Leichhardt Market Town we use waiting as a virtue to deify the dole

and this reliquary stuff like Sydney Tower fridge magnet is
for saints so thank dole I'm in Sydney no longer r & I r & I r
& I tower to watch marilyn's lips kiss the perth city skyline
while she twirls her skirt a red shape balances by the qv1
turning step paused to see kangaroos bouncing their
briefcase & pouches lamppost swans wrapped along
outside casino on the other side of town shouting man in
cultural centre where a henry moores used to be before it
became an incense holder that's why it's now kept inside
while past the pond familiar pillars are covered with posters
near PICA & its newly fuelled bar where poetry readings
used to be diagonally across from adverbs written on a
carpark's glass wall a glitter christmas star over james street
crossroad traffic corner coffeehouse exhibiting art arcane's
funky windows full of kangaroo viruses and the gloss of
black & white symmetry in sculpture always pointing north
east west & south north east west & south north east west &
south news about mapped tracks outside library where the I
got beaten up by cops killing in custody with mezzanine
vacancy fourth floor looking out over traffic chasm swing
around central park so unlike new york's with no muggers
just a steel skyline structure trees in the other park lit up
from beneath a monument to dead heroes a bowie song a
bough is sawn lengthy wood & flower clock green lawn
traffic sign our car plates say this as a state of excitement
create this city as a rune it means initiation as a rune or

secret matters as a rune it has an orange spot for emerging
work geographically a lonely place bubbling on the west
coast of this burning rock a rune is a rune is a rune back to
the ground floor studio door inside a painter paints abstract
shapes formed by watching buildings grow from being
beside postmodern ruptures primarily steel always steel too
much steel yellow dust pushed up through cracks thanks to
the ants who toil here as well sharks orcas beaver artesian
well cistern sulfur water shake roof thatch roof tin roof
straw bale studio greenhouse outhouse woodstove propane
stove septic tank dogwood sea anemones grapes compost
ant hill pileated woodpecker kingfisher fruit bats barn owls
horned owls tree frogs rhubarb millionaires single moms
tourists grandchildren lawyers doctors judges astrologers
downs point ford cove geodesic dome chicken coop pigpen
filberts walnuts environmentalists conservationists folk
singers jazz singers bagel makers broome lupine freesia
wood ears climatus nurses pensioners treehouses preschool
realtors fault line sting rays jellyfish spaghetti squash
zucchini pumpkin acorn squash projectionist the
environment near music city is never alive with the sounds
of music but now i live thirty miles away in a small town
that is rapidly getting bigger by the day as neighbor after
neighbor joins us in the city where Grantland Rice was born
but this allusion is doubtless meaningless to everyone else
on this list even though in his own way he was a great

writer the name of the city is Murfreesboro even if you don't believe the spelling
massage therapist nude beach
chainsaws hatchets boatramp voles David Lynch Twin Peaks muskrat fieldmice peppermint basil thyme hiking trails bikepaths postoffice Freaks city of Xmas trees and bridges sweeping along floodlit over Chelsea Bridge the river to Whitehall government offices closed for a still weekend the festering question of the dictator and torturer the words synonymous being extradited the demonstrators arguing for a just solution knowing justice has always been argued over and under the walkways of Britain not knowing the outcome stewing in his own juice the demagogue too old to go to prison but not too old to face those victims anger smiling out of their battered eyes a long way from the harmlessness of mistletoe a shortage the expert says on breakfast TV with not enough birds to propagate it the real thing and the custom of kissing under the mistletoe being stretched into oblivion like snow not arriving not likely since Decembers have been getting warmer with white Xmas es rarer in London and mostly consigned to greeting cards as they used to be and sometimes still are in hot countries as well Conceptualised as 'down under' and close to the 'arid' insides of the newly named 'Australia' by the global mind ... which of course accepts the archeologist's and historian's construction of global time easily drawn as a linear line by conventional

wisdom we see Rome as up and to the left it's history comes down and over at us passing through the Greek lands sailing perhaps through the Suez and dodging two alien though exotic, interiors (to the Aussie mind-map) Africa and India Feeling drawn ... as were the Dutch ... to the Spice Islands which now seem unstable: cellular and fragmented composing and decomposing in ours mind's eye – a kind of tropical cloud above and to the immediate left ... Somehow this local positioning among gum trees and grevilleas under a straightening antipodean sun is still infiltrated by Dante's terminology – of ascent and descent ... I look out across a drying terrain that old serpent (brown or striped but always poisonous down here) lurks among unmowable grass perhaps drinking at dusk from a brown-black dam which, come summer always filters the sunsets of the West through eucalypt and the joy-cries of locals from Bendigo seems to loom upwards and over from my own particular centre of the cosmos each morning walks south down Palmerston Road to Wanganella to Tizard at the end of which finds the top of the track and walks thence down the face of the cliff through Norfolk pines punga manuka to street thence to wharf and embarks and finds seat sits looks at sea at ships at sea at moorings at wake at coastal pohutukawa at skyline at wake at wharf (another) and disembarks and stuccoers insulators first responders medical clinic acupuncturist saw mill operators firebreathersclarinetistsguitaristssailors

treeplanters(silvaculturists) walks up Queen Street down Exchange Lane past Louis Vuiton's leather slaughterhouse Flowers of Guiverny and enters the Exchange Coffee Shop picks up a bowl of coffee and a glass of water and a newspaper and takes it to his table where he reads of many things in the blood of dead animals and many places and falls into a reverie or carefully lifestyle with heritage look at all my blood moving into tomorrow look at all my blood cities of fewer souls look at all my blood places of lost memory look at all my blood prisons of massacres look at all my blood mountain river sea like a time bled and hung the buildings carve streets from our ways like a time bled and hung moments in meeting nothing like a time bled and hanged find your own way to nowhere like a time bled lycee bunches and loquats there casio watches bright children's plastic toys oversized seized beige women's knickers Hawkers fry bananas make peanut pancakes inch thick and warm steam pork buns voices from the mosque call out the devoted low hum of computer fan tones or devotees rolling in the nudist beach's interweave surf with ultrasonic squeal of fluorescents door's deep triple thud voice's indecipherable rhythms and pitches grating sounds from boilers intermittent feet walk short triple thud computer fan tones roll with unsonic whine of door's indecipherable pitch grating on voice's single thud from other fan rolls keys tapping soundspace creaking of

keyboard other thud other doors wind rumbles threetoned
in chord with fan tones interweaving with intermittent feet
walk in triple thud of computer voice yowl of papers both
sides thud outside sigh sigh zip long and thud of cloth twice
scrabble in bag plasticbag in bag scutter of high tones deep
bass music muffled by walls thud of door high scutter of
carrierbag trainers on nylon carpet whisper packing scratch
leg song in distance thud of door bag on table flap of cloth
on leg zip pencils computer fan tones roll interweave zip
feet thud on shelf scratching canvas pencil case and tobacco
tin chair leg hits table its not mine tap on table mutter
feeling only person cough slight mobile phone rings sonic
mapping performance squeak of plastic mutter increase
papers as coins in pocket sigh deep lazy drums bargaining
and the growl of generators I can smell dried fish ikan billis
my father buys a katti and we trail back between stalls
attracting stray cats and adolescents staring at my pale skin
we are all sweaty grapevine roofs my garden and ivy covers
walls jewelled-parrots drunks orgy in the kaffir plums
orange waste stains bricks mulberry purples walk jakaranda
blossoms work against a thousand motors swift train from
Fremantle's blue edges wide sunhats akubras tattooed
dragon sweated T-shirt long- haired legs work boots orange
aprons and hardhats a yellow cherry picker they've sunk a
tunnel where the station used to be covered park with teflon
sails a teflon slide two tiny girls hatted with roses and long

gowns Karrakatta where you're atta Karra katta kara kat a
cat a cat a cata royal show two notes from Grey's anatomy
paging two army tanks a red MG top open right turns at a
no turn subway to nowhere oysters white jacketsgulls
yellow surf cat slips into sunset here you go, from 12 miles
outside NYC montclair ten blocks away supposed cache but
these were garlic fields once now old world charm dies slow
near fenced golf courses and supermarkets a canal snakes
the garden state in paved road with white noise following
the line of Old South Head Road rising up to Watsons Bay
you you you you you you you yop you think of Christina
Stead and the old ferry the pub and The Gap drink and
suicide but tucked away on the lip of the city's northside
waters a boat rocks hard in chop lacking ballast and money
rises up brick and glass submarines in the next bay eyeless
windows dimmed and glazing Olympic city reflecting only
itself water and light swimming against the clocks it's a long
journey although not far one kilometre of fat hunched
bridge then the splay of roadway into the manic deltas of
RSL wog lair karaoke drag unleaded gubba malls and
autotellers the fire in the tyre factory they wind up the
sirens and the crowds pour the next payment into the
spinning urgency of the wheelies at the corner of
marrickville road and saigon city traffic hellenic hillsides
the old men playing dominos under the neon reality of
clubland hits and memories they make us ache for ourselves

when we were that close to that knowledge that hazes as we step forward but on the ridge above the train line there's a wide horizon the centre of towers the flatness of roads and the way houses and shops spread and roll and hazard over the little hills until they hit this ridge and keep on rolling till they join the next city south crushing through fields forests and animal highways but the old wire green fence holds me at this place of high cloud suburban plain and the seduction of jets whose solid close grace takes you out into similar worlds but elsewhere else I've saved clippings that might amuse you or at least update your intake of _the hidden order_ around here which of course embraces more than makeshift architecture with rhetoric-based formats which are considered quite challenging within the Japanese context (there's a pattern here) — c'est à mon tour de me confondre en excuses: n'ayant pas fait suivre à Paris mon courrier c'est seulement à mon retour de France que j'ai pris connaissance de votre aimable lettre though we met (three years ago?) in Fukuoka after I believe I argued (for ten seconds) that the English sonnet parallels haiku in its dependency on concision but belated thanks dearly for the Easter cards and the extraordinary fortitude in hunting me down in my cave headquarters here in Miyazaki — the cape of the gods or more simply Cape God (god of the nine months of summer) — anyway excuse me for the rudeness of replying by wordprocessing but so far I have located Cid

Corman another ex-Bostonian who has lived in Kyoto for forty-plus years and who has been a good friend of slightly more eminent poets such as Gary Snyder and the late Allen Ginsberg yet comme le sujet n'est pas en lui-même si vaste je ne pense pas devoir faire une très longue communication though it's astonishing I think that I can use such vocabulary in writing you as these words embody rap rap like Poe maybe on s'est taillé une bavette hier soir without scruples that plans day depending on the kind of morning that it is then gets up and proceeds to the place of work computer fans velcro microphone geophony come down here mutter scrape on singmountain river sea prevailing trade climate and even everyday comity and my own situation here in Japan for I enjoy the "looking out" perspective in many of my exchanges crammed with poppies narcissus violets new shoots of palm fir lilac and rose — a New England reserve superimposed on all this so it comes together with ceramic containers of rainwater (an essential element in any green-blooded Japanese garden) and from the "looking in" view in my own hope to create a stir after a weekend of "blossom viewing" which puts us about three months and miles behind schedule from the Cambridge perspective because here autumn comes first as a visual rather than climactic fluctuation complete with surges of ruby hues in fields and by doorways but I feel like a citizen of Hartford by way of Stevens and now you and

the farmyards' berryladen branches that hang from the little rain roofs we find as protective tokens slotted just above most everyone's entrance and without regard to any order here are some other suggestions regarding the brutal but spectacular biz of composing poems I hadn't counted on going back to Perth Amboy this year but it seems that I will be embarking after several minutes of this as A-U succeeds in luring the unsuspecting Amaterrasu from her hiding place leading directly according to the logic of allegory to dancing among gods and goddesses and quite recklessly an escalation of best wishes to you both cambridge england helicopter lesson in your christmas stocking orange limp in slight north westerly wind cycling past memorial gate 8 into deserted playground retracing to freshly painted newly carpeted abandoned library of expectation and questions and cardboard boxes via silver service at high table and wondering whether the bursar of St John's would know what a casserole dish is then washing up answerphone messages exchanging Flubber for the Wizard of Oz three meals for three males sleeping on the floor grinding his teeth playing table top basketball and reaching a gaze through shards of broken glass and east coast sugared almonds past the triangle of grass where the mad woman sunbathes every morning even in winter over the house opposite TV illuminated to finally the full moon rustbelt city of the mind and the newspaper asking questions of young

men about urban anarchy with murder not far away from rape and the tats culture of riots at the northern gloom where the beach just reflects the smokestacks and funnels of the armada of coal ships awaiting coal-loaders and investment like a screwdriver in the kidneys is all i've got what's your problem no fuckin' brains eh no fuckin' job well fuck you jack we're all like that brothers under the skin and life is more than you dreamed of you fuckin' poof if you think living is land and imagination and geography then you're fuckin' dead i'm alive and i've Allen Ginsberg yet comme le sujet n'est pas en lui-même si vaste je ne pense pas devoir faire une très longue got the fuckin' scars to prove that for decades I have been receiving postcards with an annoying sense of regularity They have appeared from all possible places from a burnt-out garage-warehouse where a Beat-poet friend and I once shared an echoey studio-space from a hop-stained boiler-room of an English pub's brewery from subterranean larger-than-life sewer-pipe-dwellers who ever-so-often would surface to leave bits of text for the groundlings a Beat-poet friend and I once shared an echoey studio-space from a hop-stained boiler-room I got one postcard even from god but most of them came from hell one numismatically collects copper-nickel disc-change or mint-condition serrated-quadrilaterals in search of philately and a Beat-poet friend and I once shared an echoey studio-space from a hop-stained boiler-room all

this comes with their inherent quest for value and nationality their insistent obsession for identity and status 'permanent resident' 'resident alien' or the 'other' Residence and permanence have little meaning for me only postcards with their unexpected origins their marginality their addresslessness provide safety to my kind owning my in kind I am my own kind kind kind as gentle as the obverse six-by-four papier-mache space of laminated-gloss my created cast of characters variously enact themselves Milo, Yacoub, Madelaine Anna Alexandra Zoe my brother Jake and many others— their postures pose truths and (un)truths that ultimately make sense even if to only a few cards arrive from the remotest corners of the planet from a half-restored 15th century mansion 'Gartincaber' in Doune lost in the Scottish wilds from a moss-ridden ancestral house 'Chandradham' in Bankura soaked in rural Bengal as its age-brittle bricks try hard to keep the concrete and lineage cemented from an invisible deck-hand on an abandoned rust-ridden ship run aground Bombay's Bandra shores its cinema- set 'Goldmist' balcony in the frame but without its kind artist all these and much more, constructed by fate reason and buildings of fantastical proportions made of titanium, gossamer, and glass their skeleton held together by enjambments and line-breaks that defy even geometry and gravity I trapeze along sketching with the likes of Wright Kahn and Corbusiere I find it astonishing that I

remain unelectrocuted having balanced my laser-linear space on the death-torque steel of high-tension wires I spin ferociously heading towards the fountain-head where the topography of the atlas shrugged off its dead weight and epi-centre I wanted to be an architect and a map-maker as every morning I wake up with the peculiar brass-and-wood sound of the postman sliding insidious parcels through the letterbox epistles epigrams epigraphs lyrics lust latex cantos cantilevers cadavers all scored in perfect pantoums and set in arranged arias in a lattice-looped typeface iambs of food-shopping dish-washing and keeping the mortgage-till in order morning rituals gurgle my throat with the black-ink of chilled stout wash my mouth with vodka laced with more vodka followed by a smooth stream of single malt and slowly very slowly I reach a plateau deftly suspended in gentle equilibrium of the contorted walrus-teethed Everyman that desultory Smirnoff copywriter who rewrote the very definition of 'spirit-level' itself Heaney would be happy so would Walcott Neruda and Paz as well as theentiredistillingtribeTHEAbandonedhuntchokingbeastsor angelicwalkfreemeditateshellsortastethecoffeetheberriesinea chconcupiscencendlesslyleaninggridorcavityofthoughtscram medintothissalonmorningsunthislabofftheolddryabberandim precatingelevationormaybeitspiritualistextdoesnotgooutofb ruisedislandsongsorderelictvillageandthenearestweevebeen toitisradionationaltoday sayingokmaintainpeaceornolinebre

akspurelyalteredlikeundergroundamascusandavailablemeta
phorslookuparisandlivinganothermorningherealitypecastsu
northeuncutgrassmervandorothyrageovermelbourneoroverl
andwhateveritiseepingoveRSILENCEDOGOODustcakedin
patternsbeforemoraloverresponsesandimmediatesurroundin
gsingleamingenderoffpossumthegingercatoverfrombourkes
treetdarlocryingformorepaperandthelastrossellathelastcigar
etteagainthelastchapterofgodagainhumanandallthatdeadov
ermilesovercoffeethefallingsunprimitivenositypographicalci
ficatoryANDTHEWANDERERagain!againanotherdayohasa
n invisible song erupts I see myself in an old church —
swan-graced cellist with an electric pale of youth
resuscitating the congregated air with secret notes knowing
implications in their rusty cable cars peering peevisly this
way and that through opera glasses and the year dithers
mistaken identity the sun the trees break so brilliantly on
the pavement should be perfect but it wobbles unpleasantly
like an aura and when the episode arrives we assume the
destiny of our atomised flung off cables or vice versa giving
me a comforting mockery of something organic and my
young tom will run to the myth of verse and images of
italicised scribbles through the door's letter-vent I am
grateful for such meagre company — I can scent a blood-
stained postcard on its way quality grade stiff blue canvas
ring binders 4 EACH SHEET SIZE 11 in x 8 1/2 in 3 rings 1
in capacity recycled hanging file folders 25 lettersize 1/3 cut

pressure sensitive printout labels 5,000 3/12 x 15/16 white
for those who seek the perfect blend of design and function
enhance any office with this complete collection of desk
accessories with its soft rounded corners award winning
styling and pleasing selection of colors image 1500 desk
accessories gives any office the fashionable look of success
like a line a double focus as it were birth window of prison
now from the Field consensual art absent sense of the things
to late for an auto this wily ribs joints parlophone reprise
glass fish alias ole ole written captured quiet at night rows
of long narrow strip gardens 1880s railway expansion rows
of workers' cottages built parallel to the railway line with
long narrow gardens at the back for market gardening for
growing vegetables some of them still do still old men
tending rows of cabbages carrots potatoes onions with glass
houses and woodsheds dark and quiet at night no one
moves no one there three old men in a row three brick
cottages unmarried old men three long strips of tilled soil
empty in the winter no fences only newcomers build fences
and walls one row stops where another starts the old men
sit in their rooms in the evening three lit windows in a row
watching television but one had a passion for roses and
turned half his strip to a brilliant display every summer
with orchard trees at the back the next stuck to plain veg but
the third cultivated the company of small birds by clearing
the space in front of the window and putting out water and

bread on the ground and the shed roofs none of them
married who knows why married men having a reputation
for not living exactly as they might wish or growing
vegetables only as instructed they would joke about this
and the women would have stayed at home and cooked and
cleaned the house so no children and children leave anyway
leave you alone towards the end of your life doing what
you want or always have done rather more slowly and with
some difficulty and problems with newcomers mainly
because of cats young families every time an old man dies
the house is stripped and renovated and a young couple
moves in proud of newness gender conscious world
thinking need more space extend the houses further back
need more bathrooms need more loft windows put fences
round the strip gardens fill them with rabbit hutches flower
beds broken furniture and cats some have as many as six
cats and can't seem to stop acquiring them and the cats
don't have enough territorial space
in the fenced strip and responses on the kinked fear of laziness and
rycicadas disarmed over it or another spell of grief and yaw surre
ptitious alterity or comprehensive surveys and angular conditio
nal lineares Allen Ginsberg yet comme le sujet n'est pas en
lui-même si vaste je ne pense pas
devoir faire un très longue ponses aid again i just cant get the way t
he day brings spring us up again i rate or apple blossom and the mu
llberry pie mervandimade yesterday melting on the correspondi

ngbranchand I yells all over the vegetable gardens tearing the ground up to shit in holes frightening the birds away and killing some of them and the cats eat the slug pellets carefully set in rings round the cabbages the slug pellets send the cats into paroxysms of egret at eight spiking gold carp from the pond below tense and parataxis c/o my window fogged with breath and fetishism across the gravel road the bamboo forest rattles and the green trunks sweat cold I go out each morning to find rain or the makings of it and drink coffee roll a smoke think about the shapes my son might be making with his hands in the Hobart air and then I go down to walk in the forest in the changing light of bamboo and pine above this whitestone artists village in Akiyoshidai Yamaguchi I'm the only one here until January when a cartographer from Holland arrives my Japanese phrase book is little help I have spoken English four times three times to myself and once to the egret who flapped away with a gold beak sparking pondwater my room is small the tatami mats throw a soft light the bamboo I carried back from the forest leans against the wall I practise asking for tickets or directions at the bus station and sometimes the words make it through snow is predicted soon there is talk of an egret hunt I write letters and postcards but don't send them — there are unneighbourly questions the weather changable as usual across the strait they came sheep-laden squatters & bounty-hunters looking

for quick return by the yarra social privilege is based on the
choice of viewpoint they said what we need is a tower the
world's biggest a spire on the relative position that one
manages to occupy to a spire then organize aspire to cast
long shadows in a space dominating the trajectories of
movement linked by new tollroads clenched fist on horn the
world's biggest a deceitful appearance of fertility to empty
out the innercity sell its utilities while up north bunjil
carved creatures from bark breathed life into them by our
window a song thrush Allen Ginsberg yet comme le sujet
n'est pas en lui-même si vaste je ne pense pas devoir faire
une très longue nesting enveloped within passages of
taming the wild without the beachhead welcomes a long
line of fathers from britain the unwritten history of
thrashings administered with cats made of kangaroo sinew
he asks me for spare change again someone's got to pay for
the world's biggest but at least it looks like we're going to
retain the ashes the old men go to bed early and nothing
happens in the dark gardens of the fellows' enclave where
new valleys of silicon and genetic switches are contrived for
the pleasure of governments and companies but a faint
ground-level rustling perhaps a hedgehog a faint erratic
movement of stocking the hut all of us boom in the sputter
funked booted up for darkness trumpet mutilated circuit
feed yr dog nodding neon basic necessities stranger fish
swimming off arkless coded civic function pile ammo crash

helmet flare scenario whispering I'm going to "re-compose" the pieces via the archives in a couple of weeks like Surrey beyond part of London shallow chalky soil accents as white and limiting night sky starless and bright as if days after fire storms and south houses covering land with tarmac and paving and little bricks and sheets of plastic under gravel to keep things tidy within categorical barriers which can be broken through to brown fields of gasoline bubbles on deep mud leading through barbed wire blocked culverts rotting bridges daft dogs fast cars shut fast houses of converted barns cartons where the ploughmen set soil aside to English nature's doubtful taxonomy I walk despite the numbers also walking where there's a train good afternoon a lovely day Kew Gardens and Sussex smug and even for all it rolls if you stride upon it multitudinous dead upon the dust of similar multitudes buy two a third free which is the word or seems it if not at liberty the sweep down towards the water works pillboxes an hour or so out of Eridge north west as one descends the ridge with friends or on my own between exhilarated and exultant for all I see the world as emptied of spirit and significance beyond what's self-imposed or made up or forced upon popping up in hyped memory pages as in Whitstable in Kent a week ago trying not to see Dickensiana Sheppey oil smudged off shore my father driving over the old bridge to Queenborough where my jacket opens hanging limp as dead wings as when a bird's

shot glass eye letting the wind have me for the sport of it
short-legged clambering over the tranquillity which may
sometimes become pleasure with the hand-made pot at the
window-sill partially obscured by the pathway threads
mirrors of rural inspection overhung informants of secret
ways in and out this green cone pacific is this zone specific
to the North a hollow way over the Common shrouded in
ungrazed birch and unripe sycamore to the South follow the
new brookside walkway which paves the way for School
Meadow to have been laid out otherwise on executive mats
and carports until directed secrecy of access onto Abbey
Fields from under the road- bridge this new amenity
debut hasn't yet picked up the grain of any existing paths
and you straddle water-logged turf but find the brook again
at the kingfisher bridge to the West Parliament Piece (aka
Cromwell's Fields) designated open space left to the public
chance by private will amid toppled ash and dogwalking
circulars but by stiles into the real thing an edging off of
borders to the W Midlands conurbation too exultant to have
unswallowable outskirts of its own Kenilworth this wedge
of old-urban suburban clement cornering of greenbelt run
to avenue-seed and shelter-hem location locutions limbs
heavy with hanging orange globes persimmons flickers
feast on land where rivers meet cut cottonwoods valley oaks
built a city on a floodplain subdivisions & stripmalls cover
fertile agricultural land dam them all south gray kingfishers

hunt east of the Sierra Nevada Crystal range peaks already
snowclad snag golden alpenglow visible now in winter
clear air not the yellowgrayshithaze inversion hanging in
summer over the valley as the road drops out of the
foothills clouds the capitol's skyblue rotunda polluted
speech of politician lobbyist bureaucrat salmon struggle too
upstream American River some would still build Auburn
dam on top of earthquake fault scuttled work in the 60s
Surrealistic Pillar at Lover's Leap again 50 mile biketrail
from Folsom passes prison threads goldhunts gravel heaps
Olson noted interstate 5 crossroads 80 east deadend NY
west downstream SF Pacific swell why did Norma pose
Oppen as Cordelia I drive too much for poetry readings to
the north headwaters Mt Shasta of California marshhawks
intent focused stare its stylized hawkeye defined by precise
lack of coloration in feathers, darkish radial lines rain
garbage leaves cars people books birds earthbound where
else Up Fruit and Fibre pills catfood for Ludovic TV
Breakfast News radio Wogan car Sainsburys for the weeks
food Guardian radio Ken Bruce The Gaelic Recordings
runrig sandwiches Helen Vendler Seamus James Laughlin
Raymond Carver dont buy nothing home read Charles
Fraziers Cold Mountain pot of tea email for this is an
exercise in testing the boundaries of language "ownership",
what constitutes the authorial voice and the notion of
"primacy" of place so hose sensitive about the

manipulation of their texts are welcome to withdraw them from the project so we'll wait another week – if there are any recalls or additions, these can be taken into consideration as truth is legal sense and collective copyright will be cited on the booklet's frontispiece as it's colonial revolutionary civil war mishmash society by the rivah where the James don't rise and the FFV ain't you never been me it's Clover Room and Thalhimer's and places we remember monumental fires and black maids waiting for the bus on Cary Street Road to take them to Church Hill somebody told me if you're Episcopalian and private school you will run into everybody important I used to laugh but now it's an inside joke all the yankees move to the west end but we only shop there when we have to I went to a party at the ex-governors house but nobody noticed I took communion with Lady Bird Johnson at St. Paul's the Bishop knows me by name but I'll never be from around here no matter how many white glove garden club teas I take in I'm the genteel poor after all I want to lay down in the kudzu under the Huguenot Bridge and let the ambience take me away there's no place like here no place at all Shoveling snow falling lightly small flakes more like tiny wheels in the air glowing in the late night streetlights' yellow glow & it seems so innocuous yet by the time I've finished shoveling the front walk there is a skiff of the stuff across the already shoveled back walk & I feel like a snowbound Sisyphus

could just keep shoveling & never get back inside again the snow is white across the lawn & street at first but one car & then another soon begin to turn it brown there & the much used streets are already wet & brown the slippery slope of icy corners necessitating the completely new careful & an exercise in testing the boundaries of language "ownership", what constitutes the authorial voice and the notion of "primacy" of place so those sensitive about the manipulation of their texts are welcome to withdraw them from the project's slow driving that we are surprised into every year again what does it mean to live with snow & a rebuilt Allen Ginsberg travelling every two months for 'supplies' from Cairns the big smoke dirty great bags of flour rice sugar powdered milk veggies grew at home snake beans chinese cabbage and kangkung anything that survived rabid heat and monsoon fruit too pomelo sour sop carambolas we called five corners or star fruit just being fancy for visitors cumquat mango trees i read about people curling up in trees reading but as for me trees never comfy big enough or free of green ants figure that's a bit of poetic licence scrawny tropical oranges only sweet after a three month rain all growing and chickens except for carpet snakes slithering small through the chicken wire and feasting even on new years eve too fat to escape the chickens did not grow so well after that travelling by boat was best the big slow launch queensland coast had a

meaning you could see its edges all the way if we sat on the deck cool saltspray folks down below hot made us seasick vomit driving was hotter have a swim and maybe camp overnight by the side of a dirt road now a seven hour drive then a whole day maybe two and sometimes a rock through the windscreen hot sweaty little salamander bodies all five curled around not so comfortable on the dusty car seats with the scratchy lines of stitching coming undone some in the back called the pig pen and the trailer loaded up with all the good stuff memory I know but everything is seen through that dusty window and now aaron campbell blair my own little salamanders all brown bodies have chickens and I wonder do they feel at home amidst snow in Tucson — I can't believe that I was shoveling snow last night at -13 as we stand sweating in +25 temperatures having driven down from Phoenix in an air-conditioned car where am I a new friend will drive us up Mount Lemmon next morning in the bright sunshine through desert & cacti up to the yellow leaves falling from deciduous trees now replacing the huge cacti & circling bumping along the road in the old jeep ever higher now close to 8000 feet only evergreens & even some what is that white stuff underwriting my sense of belonging I always visit Australia in its 'winter' which still feels just like my summer so I am not overwhelmed with paradox back in Alberta we live with harsh extremes though nowhere nearly so harsh as the deep north but

enough for most ordinary people & I could only hope that such would make all of us a bit more open to difference rather than hosting a huge conference on the Declaration of Human Rights while our government still refuses to sign on the the Rights of the Child & fought to the bitter end to keep gays & lesbians being granted their equal rights before the law it does affect how we see each other how we are seen nationally & for all I know internationally yet I live in an oddly eccentric environment in the university where we see the gray haze of noon winter is my country whether I say it in French or English we share more than we may think I dont always believe I belong in Alberta but have been here more than 30 years & Paul's Celan's widow Gisèle Celan-Lestrange haunts me from Heine to Celan the whole magnetic field of poetry lying between two poles with an inert mid-field and Gisèle its spirit in my memory these constant topics for writing what to do with our inheritance our responsibilities as at eighteen years old you travel from Perth the first time you have ever left that city the most isolated capital city in Australia and arrive in Sydney and are sensually overwhelmed atavistic you call it 30 years later and at this remove in time worry about possible sexist references in the poem you wrote Sydney Kaleidoscope In Sydney I was astounded by the green the Harbour scene a rain-forest of succulent ferns and dripping moisture dank and fetid so that my mouth trembled to consume the fecund

voluptuousness of its rankness of lusts this the most strange
my dark brooding Gothic mind stood trembling naked in
your visioned past terrain with these (now) headlands and
cliffs rearing ugly lowering Xavier Herbert and identity
revisionism as the West Australian newspaper with its
pioneering-bent and lack of anguish patronizes with
dynastic certitude as if all time's yet to come and stretches
upwards like a gleaming (vacant) skyscraper for you see it's
not called capitalism here but growth while over THERE
rats at Circular Quay Jazz El Rocco I'm goin' t' Georgia
Georgia where you're studying at university a cadet
journalist and seeing for the first time the daughter you
conceived in 1964 but the language has not really changed
the focus is still on landscape and you write Several
landscapes Kur-ring-gai Chase Pittwater Um die Erde nur,
will ich schweben, und rank thick grown green Torn
sinews the trees praise upwards triumphing their being
Strength and wilderness the form of Mind Genuflect to the
crop that yearly grows Ocean surging the strong swell of
blood the fluctuating ebb & flow and people comment on
your poetry that it is influenced by Whitman and Ginsberg
and you say no no it is the dithyrambic odes of Klopstock
and 30 years later you are still obsessed with the same
concerns and flux the patterns of relationships as you invite
Poetryetc participants to assist in the creation of a geo-text
— the aim to breakdown territoriesboundaries,demarcation

creating an interactive regionalism people responding
immediately to location demographics
spiritual signifiers gender and collective effort single texts
responses without punctuation appropriated altered and
Surrey mixed beyond part of London shallow chalky soil
accents as white and limiting burn northward towards the
Thames night sky starless and bright as if days after fire
storms and south houses covering land with tarmac and
paving and little bricks and sheets of plastic under gravel to
keep things tidy within categorical barriers flicking switches
and waiting before rebooting curtains then fixing and
remixing multiple-voiced texts among samples recorded in
absent greenhouses relocated as organic chill take rotting
golden apples and leaves photo from one room to another
walking and counselling a robin follows me into my
temporary room hops on my pillow tempted with sliced
bread to carry leaves from station having posted a parcel for
copyright logging then boiling the train in time papers deer
run through bracken of a pre-xmas headline 'hague lords a
leaping' cheese sandwiches passing marches wet twilit
graffitti had slumped in that 'far away is close at hand an
image of elsewhere' window seat white ticket panic
transport procedural advice frustrating plans arriving from
boxers responding to intent clubbers that sing "I want your
dick-dick" on crowded underground carriage arriving too
tight opting switch cheaper departure hours traipse around

square bags in opposite direction from those leaving offices
filing under dripping black trees lit by sequencing lights
past artizan street along watch displayed fashion street
towards brick lane voices from mosques calling out the
devoted lamb bargain becoming a up 787 north along the
hudson across the river rusty late nineteenth century
factories of Troy dreadful in daylight magic at night a left
on 7 over to I87 then north to saratoga through upstate
woods this is what I call mohicanshire the
psychotopography of my imagination as a child in europe
reading james fenimore cooper the woods the woods the
lakes and the great serpent uncas his son now gives his
name to any number of wateringholes up here just north
east of what is called leatherstocking country an eight year
old in europe dreamed it at 20 driving through it for the
first time I recognized it as a clear run here — that's the
difference at this point in time and why should my
enviroment run unoccluded without interference the
imaginary lineaments of my america and left for cities and
deserts and oceans to come back now as I tell you that
across the river if you take the left fork you come to the
house of the man did a self portrait in a convex mirror if
you go right you come to olana architectural american
wonder and driving further south there's the poets' nest of
annadale and barrytown though if instead we went north
we would get to our summering places along lake george

bloodsoaked grounds of the french and indian wars and it is essential for me to know that the real topography of my real america has a river that runs to the sea I could walk to the river I could unfasten a boat I could float down river past singing past the city of new york and I would be at sea designer re-entry elevator the renovation of tables to cold shoulder a novel pinocatheca had squeezes and postured cross-country the bittern intercity modulations to seaboard dark harbours a pumping rehearsal of stories domesticate mould making candle expedient checking the mail into reacquaintance with gaming tastes of filtered peat tyres pass the remote kin rubs 'home' plain goat's squawking back of the calamus patch no where the fur dreams a road away from a gravel shaker my misnomer carried away bravado & snowfall volumes of a map till driftless formation buried in rock & the mullein stalks darkly lit & glowing for a century or more dare say little people with their white bread & accents drive everywhere but a wilder kind of tree for mask & sanction dicotomy proverbial tillage wading thru the prairie husk the prairie nation as I wait wondering if I should lie down or set the table I do not cook for the children but later tonight I'll make pesto after the sun goes and the wind falls and calculate fall-angles and the amount of machinery to risk in this swampy part of their properties the living trees go on sacrificings leaves spilling seed and responding to the weight of birds in passing whole flocks of

twentyeights and fugitive major mitchells have rested hopefully by this shallowing salt-lake and then hurtled on untidily my search in the dunescrub yields dried everlasting a cartridge case whitequartz pebbles and a lysol bottle the wind is whipping foam from the lakewater the smell of mud and salt and putrefaction is borne on this wind I look back at my marginal footprints knowing that days of wind and salt will ease them away and the markings of waterbirds and land-dwelling reptiles will replace them the water or dare the northern lights to baggage our courtesy in a pliant & evasive stricture why the goats nervous clatter suggestive for the dreamtime coming 2000 even if a hypermedia permaculture ecovillage in southwestern Wisconsin Manual yet unfeeling mountains water mist dog barking two doors down where neighbors screamed nightly now the trouble in paradise has shifted as Rosie screams at four year old Go back to Singapore! he says the police will get him ducking under the blow that is only trade wind now waterfalls turned on (off the Pali one flew upside down!) pre-election "Aloha State or Gay State?" and "Vote Yes to Save Traditional Marriage" sign-wavers beside new york it's perth blanc mild-mannered wishing to do joy with any visitor and the barbeque breeze of weekend beginning to resoundlike drizzle in a landscape more unstable than time which is famous for it bird song wind at Dharma — the new 10-plex going in across street

Caterpillars dredging this red earth Star Wars first attraction
new McDonald's drenched Xmas trees family photos as
tourists drive by in convertible landscapes of body and
mind not fleeting but in the armature of these and thus our
basement overflows with treasures we distribute evenly.